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READINGS BOOKLET

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GRADE 12
DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 33

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

January 1987

Alberta
EDUCATION

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 33**

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS


Part B of the English 33 Diploma Examination has 70 questions in the Questions Booklet and nine reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 33 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 33 READINGS BOOKLET.

YOU WILL HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JANUARY 1987



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I. Read "Interpreter" and answer questions 1 to 5 from your Questions Booklet.

INTERPRETER

- Neesh the Indian conserved words,
let us puff rollies in his shack
near his creek by the CN line,
dozing in his big rocker
- 5 while we struck matches and poses
that could have burned us all —
tough guy pre-adolescents who later
scrubbed brown fingers with snow.
- Ten years at least he was there
10 and was never once outside they say;
there were stories about what he ate
and how he got his tobacco.
In winter by the east window,
in summer by the west, he watched us
- 15 playing on the long cinder hills
by the tracks, and on and in his creek.
- Often I thought about old Neesh
whether he was wise or mad,
whether a whole tribe slept in him
- 20 awaiting a sign of war or peace.
From Sleigh Hill one night I watched
his shadow rocking and smoking
till a winter fog intervened
and I couldn't even see the shack.
- 25 Between us, beneath the darkness
and the fog was his creek and
under the ice, Neesh had said, was water
just a bit, refusing to freeze,
keeping the mud moist, and in the mud
- 30 were seeds and creatures still alive.
Beneath such layers I imagined Neesh
through whom I came to interpret us all.

Gary Hyland

II. Read the excerpt from *Sibir* and answer questions 6 to 13 from your Questions Booklet.

from SIBIR

Farley Mowat and his wife, Claire, are touring Siberia. They stop at Tchersky where they are "the first foreigners to visit . . . since the Revolution."

It was impossible to register all those who crowded around us. Their ardour was too overwhelming . . . but by far the most overwhelming was Victor Nazarov.

Victor is the sort of man who has to be seen and heard to be believed. Born in 1930 of Russian peasant stock near Tobolsk in west Siberia, he went to the
5 Aldan goldfields of Yakutia with his parents after his father had "some differences" with the Stalin dictatorship. Following his father's death during the war, Victor helped support the family by becoming a driver-mechanic. This was a job that suited him and one he loved. He wrestled trucks over most of northern Siberia, and in his spare time became a champion weight lifter. In the time he could spare
10 from *that* activity, he took correspondence courses until he had the credits needed to enter university at Sverdlovsk, from which he graduated with a prize degree in industrial transportation. He joined the Party in 1955 (bearing no grudges for what was past), ran the truck transport network during the building of Mirny, and in 1962 was dispatched to the mouth of the Kolyma to apply his energies to the
15 construction of the new arctic town of Tchersky.

Moon-faced, tug-voiced, hairy as a mammoth, strong as a cave bear and utterly and absolutely indefatigable,¹ Victor Nazarov took Claire and me into his ebullient² heart with such rampant enthusiasm that he nearly killed us both. I remember him, and always will, as the most generous, ingenuous and forceful
20 man I have ever met.

Cutting our party out of the crowd of welcomers, he heaved us bodily into his Bobyk, a jeep-like little car (the nickname Bobyk means "little terrier") and drove us into town over non-existent roads at fifty miles an hour. Not once did he stop bellowing in our ears. He had a lot to tell us and he was not the man
25 to waste a moment. As the Bobyk skidded, leapt and crashed into and over obstacles, Victor's massive left arm was flung out in a continuing gesture, pointing to half-built structures, piles of mud, holes in the ground, even to white stretches of virgin tundra, and identifying these as: "APARTMENT HOUSE FOR FIFTY FAMILIES GOES THERE. . . . THAT IS BEGINNING OF BIGGEST SCHOOL
30 IN SIBERIA. . . . PALACE OF SPORT, WE ARE BUILDING HERE. . . . POWER STATION OVER THERE. . . ."

When he had reduced all four of us, even Yura, to bruised and battered hulks, and deaf ones at that, he suddenly jammed on the brakes, sending poor Kola smashing into the window.

35 "POOR CLAIRE! I FORGET MYSELF! MAYBE YOU ARE A LITTLE TIRED? I TAKE YOU TO HOTEL!"

The hotel, of logs ("WE ARE BUILDING NEW ONE RIGHT AWAY —

Continued

¹indefatigable — tireless

²ebullient — overflowing

CONCRETE — ONE HUNDRED FIFTY ROOMS”), was simple, but we had a suite of two pleasant rooms which, it appeared, we were going to share with Victor. Having escorted us to our rooms he showed no inclination to depart but

40 Victor. Having escorted us to our rooms he showed no inclination to depart but pounded over to the window, thrust out his big paw, and began waving at the distant landscape.

“FARLEE! OVER THERE WE MAKE NEW AIRPORT — BIG ENOUGH FOR JET PLANES — AND CLAIRE! LOOK THERE! WE MAKE NEW NURSERY

45 SCHOOL. . . .”

Yura intervened. Somehow he manoeuvred Victor out the door — though not without a parting bellow.

“NOW YOU HAVE GOOD REST! LATER WE MAKE PLANS!”

The door swung shut as I started to take off my boots. It seemed to me I

50 could still hear Victor’s foghorn echoing inside my skull.

It was not an echo! It was reality. The door burst open.

“ULCERS ON MY SOUL! I FORGOT SO MUCH! YOU MUST HAVE FOOD! COME QUICK! COME QUICK!”

I tried to tell Victor we were not hungry, just exhausted, but I might as well

55 have been Canute trying to turn back the tide. He swept us out of the room, across the frozen range of muddy mountains which might someday be a road, and into a restaurant presided over by a beautiful young lady by the name of Lydia, whose husband, Anatoly (she quickly told me) was an interior decorator working in the town.

60 Interior decorator? Here? Claire and I exchanged glances. But it was true enough and later we had a chance to meet Anatoly and to admire his work.

Lydia had prepared a modest snack. Twelve of us (people kept appearing as if out of the woodwork) sat down to it. The appetizer was pickled reindeer tongue. Next came Kamchatka crab, chocolate éclairs, dumpling soup, fish soup, cream

65 puffs, reindeer cutlets, smoked salmon, stewed Ukraine tomatoes, cherry juice, strawberry jam and tea. The food was not necessarily served in that order, but since there was one bottle of cognac, one of vodka, one of spirits and one of champagne at *each* person’s place, I can be excused if I have somewhat jumbled the sequence.

70 Victor proved to be *the* tamadar of all the world. He leapt to his feet at least once every three minutes and every toast was bottoms up. It was at this first meal with him that Claire struck back. He insisted on learning a Canadian toast and so she perversely taught him to say “up bottoms.” He was delighted and, so he told me when I revisited him three years later, had no idea of its potential

75 English meaning. However, during a visit to Moscow he was called on to help entertain a party of senior dignitaries from Great Britain at an official function. Beaming with affability and delight, he proposed that they should drink his Canadian toast, which he had unwittingly modified to:

“Up your bottoms!”

80 He told me this story somewhat ruefully, but without rancour.

“MOSCOW SEND ME BACK TO TCHERSKY IN DISGRACE! BUT I FORGIVE DEAR CLAIRE! SHE HELPED ME GET OUT QUICK FROM THAT CURSED TOWN!”

The last toast was drunk about 8 p.m. and we were almost literally carried

85 back to our hotel. We were in no condition to resist when all twelve of our dinner companions crowded into our room and Victor sat down at the table, banged it

Continued

so that it jumped clean off the floor, and announced we would now have a planning conference.

“HOW LONG YOU STAY WITH US? A MONTH? TWO MONTHS?”

90 He seemed genuinely outraged when I timidly replied that we could not remain more than two weeks. He pounded the table until I was sure it would collapse and then he planned each of our days in the most minute detail — forgetting only to leave time for sleep.

95 I could see that Claire, who had unwisely allowed herself to get hooked on the spirit, was not going to be with the party much longer; so, in an act of unselfish heroism which she has never properly appreciated, I agreed (actually there was no way I could have refused) to accompany Victor to the makeshift Palace of Sport while he did his nightly work-out.

100 Kola had faded, but Yura was still going strong. Together with the mayor, the newspaper editor and half a dozen others, we watched the incredible Victor bounce his 270-pound bulk around while he played two fast games of volleyball, worked for half an hour with the barbells, wrestled a couple of the biggest truck drivers in Tchersky, and then announced:

“I’M HUNGRY! LET’S GO AND HAVE A LITTLE SNACK!”

105 We drank the snack at the headquarters of the Tchersky Press, a dilapidated log structure out of another age boasting a modern rotary press which had been flown in from Leningrad to print the daily *Kolymaskaya Pravda*. We also did a group show on the radio station which was housed in the same building; although since it was then past midnight I doubt if anyone heard us except, perhaps, the
110 polar bears on the arctic ice a few versts to the northward. I wonder what they made of my wobbly rendition of “The Squid Jigging Grounds.”

At 2 a.m. we were back in the hotel, but not to sleep. Someone had decided our winter clothing was inadequate and half the town had been scoured to find proper clothing. Claire was pried out of bed and, eyes still tight shut, was wrapped
115 in an enormous dog-skin coat, hatted with an Evenk reindeer bonnet, booted with embroidered felt boots which went up to her thighs, and gloved in sealskin mittens. She claims she has no recollection of the fittings.

During my absence at the Sports Palace the table in our room had miraculously sprouted several bottles of champagne together with baskets of fresh fruit and
120 cream pastries. So we had another little lunch. At 3 a.m. Victor looked at his glittering Slava wristwatch and the voice of authority shivered the hotel.

“TIME NOW FOR BED! GET GOOD SLEEP! TOMORROW WILL BE BUSY DAY!”

Farley Mowat

III. Read "Indian Fighter" and answer questions 14 to 22 from your Questions Booklet.

INDIAN FIGHTER

The following short story is set in the United States. The grandfather is recollecting the Indian Wars of the American West that ended in the latter half of the 19th Century.

At that time my grandfather and Aunt Eleanor were living on 16th Street. I was ten years old the year I went there, and I remember coming alone up the narrow walk between the hedges after the taxi driver pointed out the house to me, took my last few cents and drove off.

5 My Aunt Eleanor met me at the door with a flour-powdered apron on and she led me into the study with its generous scattering of rose-shaded lamps and tintypes and glass-footed tables. There she stood with me before my grandfather.

"This is your grandson," she said. "He's a nice-looking boy, isn't he?"

"He's skinny," Grandfather said.

10 All this was a long time ago. Children respected their elders then, so I didn't tell him any of the things my own grandchildren are likely to say to me any day now. I stood as still as I could, as small as I could.

"He's skinny as hell," Grandfather said.

"Stop using profanity," Aunt Eleanor told him.

15 "Come over here," he said to me.

I went to him, not without some trepidation, and he grabbed my arm and then my shoulder.

"Skinny, all right," he said. "They don't feed kids right nowadays."

20 After Aunt Eleanor left the room, my grandfather changed. His eyes crinkled and he pointed to the footstool and told me to pull it up close to him. "I'll tell you a story," he said. "Did you know I fought Indians out west?"

"No," I said.

"Well, I did," he said. "Eleanor will tell you it's not true, but it is."

"Pa?" her voice echoed from the kitchen. "Pa?"

25 "Yes?" His voice was still powerful. It seemed to me that it came from time that was miles and miles and years and years away. . . .

I heard that first story later. And then I heard a lot more. There were so many that even as a child I began to wonder if they were true. One day my Aunt took me into the kitchen and closed the door to the hall and told me I mustn't

30 believe the stories Grandfather told me.

"Why?" I asked her.

"Because they aren't true." . . .

The third week I was there the pigeons arrived. Two of them. They squatted on the peak of the roof or walked with that fat dowager strut of theirs along the

35 tin gutters at the eaves. All through the house, all, we could hear the throaty, purring sounds they made. When I went out with Grandfather to see them for the first time in the afternoon sun, their colors astonished me, for I was used to the

Continued

flat colors of robins and sparrows and woodpeckers instead of the lambent colors of the pigeons.

40 "We'll have to get rid of them," Grandfather said.

"Why?"

"Sir."

"Why, sir?"

"Because they'll dirty the house all up."

45 We went inside then and he told Aunt Eleanor that he'd have to shoot them.

"Why?" she asked.

"They'll dirty the house up." He sounded more convinced of it than he had when we were outside. "And they'll drive us crazy with their noise."

"Pshaw!"

50 I could tell that she didn't really believe he meant what he said. She swept vigorously up the hallway toward us, and we had to step into the study to get out of her way.

"I'll have to shoot them," Grandfather said again.

55 She stopped sweeping and looked at him. "No," she said, "They won't bother anyone and anyway you wouldn't know how to shoot a gun if you had to. You leave them alone. And leave the guns alone too."

"I'll have to shoot them," Grandfather said.

60 Pleading now, she returned, "Don't be stubborn, Pa. You'll just hurt yourself if you start playing with guns." She leaned back against the wall and drew her thin hand across her forehead as if she were suddenly willing to give up the battle with him that had been going on for so long. Then she straightened up and said, "I won't have it, Pa." She turned away and began sweeping again. "I just won't have it."

65 "Go across to that white house and see if Mr. Bradford is home," Grandfather told me, pointing.

"Why, sir?"

"Don't ask questions, just do as I say."

70 When I came back and told him that Mr. Bradford would get home about three in the afternoon he told me not to say anything to Aunt Eleanor, and we went in to wash up for lunch. . . .

"I want to borrow your shotgun," Grandfather said when he caught Mr. Bradford between the house and the garage. "And a couple of shells if you have them. Bird shot."

75 Mr. Bradford smirked openly. He was a big man, probably forty now and going prematurely bald. A big, white-faced man with a briefcase in his hand, he asked, "What are you planning to do with the shotgun, Grandpa?"

"Kill those pigeons, I'll get you some more shells for the one I'll use."

80 "One shell for more than one pigeon? You must be a crack shot," Mr. Bradford said. He was laughing at my grandfather and I was ashamed — not for Mr. Bradford — for my grandfather.

"Could I borrow it?" Grandfather repeated.

"Sure," he said, "But what about the police? You have to have a permit to shoot inside the city limits."

"I'll take care of that," my grandfather said.

85 "Well, that's your worry," Mr. Bradford said.

When he came out of the house he handed Grandfather a double-barreled 16-gauge shotgun and a couple of shells.

"Don't really need two shells," Grandfather said. "One should do."

Continued

I was sure he was boasting. Aunt Eleanor had said already that he didn't
90 know how to shoot a gun. And walking back across the street I hoped she was
wrong. Although I liked to watch the pigeons, liked to hear them even, I wanted
him to prove that he hadn't lied to me. I wanted him to prove that Aunt Eleanor
was wrong.

We stood in the yard just outside the shade of the tree and he broke the gun
95 and put the two shells in. His shoulders had straightened suddenly and he held
the gun loosely in both hands, his eyes drawn down tight against the sun, some
old, easy, assured grace seeping back into the stiff bones and slack muscles.

On the peak of the roof the two pigeons were moving aimlessly back and
forth. They were about eight feet apart, and I wondered why he didn't shoot them.
100 Then they began to move together and I knew he was waiting until they were
close together so he could get them in one shot.

They were four feet apart now.

"What will Aunt Eleanor say?" I asked.

"Sir," he said, moving only his lips.

105 "Yes, sir."

"This is a man's job, Harry," he said, still without looking at me. "A man
has to keep his job his own."

"Aunt Eleanor won't like it," I said.

He didn't notice how I'd left off the "Sir."

110 "Aunt Eleanor's a woman."

The pigeons were a foot apart now.

A moment later he fired. It was one of those beautiful things you see
sometimes, the way he brought the shotgun up to his shoulder, I mean, and aimed
and fired in the same movement. It was all one — all one movement, like the
115 way a seagull dives toward the water and a moment later rises with a fish in her
mouth, magic, swift, and graceful. The single blast made me close my eyes in
surprise and when I opened them the shotgun was at his side again, lowered with
the assured air of a man who knows he never misses a shot. Above the roof of
the house the two pigeons whirled wildly on fluttering wings, quite alive and quite
120 unharmed. When I turned to my grandfather I found him standing as before. With
his right hand he rubbed brutally at his eyes, as if to vent some anger on them
in reproof of their failure. The corners of his mouth were drawn down grimly
and I was not sure whether it was anger or sorrow that caused it. For a moment
he seemed to totter drunkenly in the hot sunlight. But that may have been my
125 imagination, for he went striding off toward the back of the house, past the shrubs
and then up the steps onto the back porch. I followed him. My Aunt Eleanor was
standing just inside the screen. My grandfather must not have seen her until he
was almost upon her, for suddenly, as he reached for the door to pull it open,
he stopped short, and they stood face to face, through the dark screen.

130 Suddenly, without turning, he thrust the shotgun in my direction. "Take this,"
he said. "I don't need it any more." His eyes still fixed on my Aunt Eleanor,
he stood in that black wool sweater seeming taller to me than he had been before.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I'll take it back."

When I went around the corner of the house I didn't look back. In the street
135 the sun was very hot. I went slowly to Mr. Bradford's house, carrying the gun
freely in my hand, knowing for the first time what age could do to a man. Behind
me the pigeons cooed softly, and then I heard the flutter of their wings.

Richard Erno

IV. Read the excerpt from *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* and answer questions 23 to 36 from your Questions Booklet.

from THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE

CHARACTERS:

Michael – young son of the now-dead Governor Abashvili
Grusha – kitchen maid to the former governor; foster mother to Michael and his rescuer when war broke out
Cook – former governor's cook, and friend of Grusha
Azdak – the judge
Natella – Natella Abashvili, former governor's wife
Ironshirts – soldiers
First and Second Lawyers

After civil war, a temporary court is attempting to identify the true mother of the governor's child by the famous test of the Chalk Circle.

(The courtyard of the lawcourts. IRONSHIRTS lead MICHAEL in. One IRONSHIRT holds GRUSHA back until the child has been taken away. She is then admitted, accompanied by the COOK.)

GRUSHA: He's so good, he can wash himself already.

5 COOK: You're lucky. This is not a real Judge; this is Azdak. He's a drunk and doesn't understand anything. The likes of us get off lightly sometimes.

GRUSHA: I need some luck today.

10 COOK: I think I'd better say a quick prayer that the Judge will be drunk. *(Her lips move in prayer, while GRUSHA looks round in vain for the child.)* What I can't understand is why you want to hold on to it at any price, if it's not yours. In these days.

GRUSHA: It's mine, I've brought it up.

COOK: But didn't you ever wonder what would happen when she returned?

15 GRUSHA: At first I thought I'd give it back to her. Then I thought she wouldn't return.

COOK: And a borrowed coat keeps one warm, too, eh? *(GRUSHA nods.)*

(Enter NATELLA followed by her two lawyers.)

NATELLA: Thank God! At least the common people aren't here. I can't stand their smell, it always gives me migraine.

20 FIRST LAWYER: Madam, I must ask you to be as careful as possible in everything you say, until we have another Judge.

NATELLA: But I didn't say anything. I love the people — with their simple, straight-forward ways. It's just their smell that brings on my migraine.

25 SECOND LAWYER: There will hardly be any spectators. Most of the population is behind locked doors because of the riots in the outer town.

NATELLA *(Looking at GRUSHA)*: Is that the creature?

FIRST LAWYER: I beg you, most gracious Natella Abashvili, to abstain from

Continued

- all invective¹ until it is absolutely certain that the Grand Duke has appointed a new Judge and we have got rid of the present one, who is about the lowest ever seen in a Judge's robe.
- 30 **COOK** (*To GRUSHA*): Her Ladyship wouldn't hesitate to pull your hair out if she didn't know that Azdak is for the poor people. He goes by the face. (*IRONSHIRTS enter the courtyard with AZDAK.*)
- AZDAK**: Get out of here, I've got to judge a case. (*The IRONSHIRTS go. One returns with a jug of wine. AZDAK takes deep gulps.*)
- 35 **COOK**: Oh dear!
- LAWYERS**: (*Approaching AZDAK, who stands up expectantly*): An absolutely ridiculous case, Your Worship. The accused has abducted the child and refuses to hand it over.
- 40 **AZDAK** (*Stretching out his hand, and glancing at GRUSHA*): A most attractive person. (*He receives some money.*) I open the proceedings and demand the absolute truth.
- FIRST LAWYER**: High Court of Justice! Blood, as the saying goes, is thicker than water. This old proverb . . .
- 45 **AZDAK**: The Court wants to know the lawyer's fee.
- FIRST LAWYER** (*Surprised*): I beg your pardon? (*AZDAK rubs his thumb and index finger.*) Oh, I see. 500 piastres, Your Worship, is the answer to the Court's somewhat unusual question.
- AZDAK**: Did you hear? The question is unusual. I ask it because I listen to you in a quite different way if I know you are good.
- 50 **FIRST LAWYER** (*Bowing*): Thank you, Your Worship. High Court of Justice! Of all bonds the bonds of blood are the strongest. Mother and child — is there a more intimate relationship? Can one tear a child from its mother? High Court of Justice! It has been observed, Your Worship, how even the
- 55 wild tigress, robbed of her young, roams restless through the mountains, reduced to a shadow. . . .
- AZDAK** (*Interrupting, to GRUSHA*): What's your answer to all this and anything else the lawyer might have to say?
- GRUSHA**: He's mine.
- 60 **AZDAK**: Is that all? I hope you can prove it. In any case, I advise you to tell me why you think the child should be given to you.
- GRUSHA**: I've brought him up according to my best knowledge and conscience. I always found him something to eat. Most of the time he had a roof over his head. And I went to all sorts of trouble for him. I didn't think of my
- 65 own comfort. I brought up the child to be friendly with everyone. But he's still very small.
- FIRST LAWYER**: Your Worship, it is significant that the person herself doesn't claim any bond of blood between herself and this child.
- AZDAK**: The Court takes note.
- 70 **FIRST LAWYER**: Thank you, Your Worship. Please permit a woman who has suffered much — who has already lost her husband and now also has to fear the loss of her child — to address a few words to you. Her Highness, Natella Abashvili . . .
- NATELLA** (*Quietly*): A most cruel fate, sir, forces me to ask you to return my
- 75 beloved child. It's not for me to describe to you the tortures of a bereaved mother's soul, the anxiety, the sleepless nights, the . . .

¹invective – abusive language

Continued

SECOND LAWYER (*Exploding*): It's outrageous the way this woman is treated. She's not allowed to enter her husband's palace. The revenue of her estates is blocked. She is told cold-bloodedly that it's tied to the heir. She can't do anything without the child. She can't even pay her lawyers. (*To the FIRST*

80 **LAWYER** *who, desperate about this outburst, makes frantic gestures to stop him speaking*): Why shouldn't it be divulged now that it's the Abashvili estates that are at stake?

FIRST LAWYER: Please. We had agreed . . . (*To AZDAK*): Of course it is

85 correct that the trial will also decide whether our noble client will obtain the right to dispose of the large Abashvili estates. I say "also" on purpose, because in the foreground stands the human tragedy of a mother. Even if Michael Abashvili were *not* the heir to the estates, he would still be the dearly beloved child of my client.

90 **AZDAK**: Stop! The Court is touched by the mention of the estates. It's a proof of human feeling.

SECOND LAWYER: Thanks, Your Worship. In any case we can prove that the person who took possession of the child is not the child's mother. Permit me to lay before the Court the bare facts. By an unfortunate chain of circumstances,

95 the child, Michael Abashvili, was left behind while his mother was making her escape. Grusha was present and was observed busying herself with the child . . .

COOK: All her mistress was thinking about was what kind of dresses she would take along.

100 **SECOND LAWYER** (*Unmoved*): Almost a year later Grusha turned up in a mountain village with a child.

AZDAK: How did you get into that mountain village?

GRUSHA: On foot, Your Worship. And he was mine.

AZDAK: I'm going to ask you a question: What kind of child is it? Is it one of

105 those ragged street-urchins? Or is it a child from a well-to-do family?

GRUSHA (*Angrily*): It's an ordinary child.

AZDAK: I mean, did he have fine features from the beginning?

GRUSHA: He had a nose in his face.

AZDAK: He had a nose in his face. I'll cut things short now.

110 **GRUSHA** (*Suddenly*): I can quite understand your wanting to cut it short, having seen what you received!

AZDAK: Shut up! Did I receive anything from you?

GRUSHA (*While the COOK tries to restrain her*): Because I haven't got anything.

FIRST LAWYER (*To NATELLA*): Without producing any more evidence, Madam,

115 we have the verdict in the bag.

COOK (*To GRUSHA*): You've gone and spoiled your chances with him. You won't get the child now.

AZDAK: I need the child. (*He beckons GRUSHA towards him and bends not unkindly towards her.*) I've noticed that you have a soft spot for justice. I

120 don't believe he's your child, but if he were yours, woman, wouldn't you want him to be rich? You'd only have to say he isn't yours and at once he'd have a palace, scores of horses in his stable, scores of beggars on his

Continued

doorstep, scores of soldiers in his service, and scores of petitioners in his courtyard. Now, what d'you say? Don't you want him to be rich?
 125 (GRUSHA is silent.)

AZDAK: I think I understand you, woman.

GRUSHA: I won't give him away. I've brought him up, and he knows me. (*Enter an IRONSHIRT with the child.*)

AZDAK: Plaintiff and defendant! The Court has listened to your case, and has
 130 come to no decision as to who the real mother of this child is. I as Judge have the duty of choosing a mother for the child. I'll make a test. Soldier, get a piece of chalk and draw a circle on the floor. (*The IRONSHIRT does so.*) Now place the child in the centre. (*The IRONSHIRT puts MICHAEL, who smiles at GRUSHA, in the centre of the circle.*) Plaintiff and defendant,
 135 stand near the circle, both of you. (*NATELLA and GRUSHA step up to the circle.*) Now each of you take the child by a hand. The true mother is she who has the strength to pull the child out of the circle, towards herself.

SECOND LAWYER (*Quickly*): High Court of Justice, I protest! I object that the fate of the great Abashvili estates, which are bound up with the child as the heir, should be made dependent on such a doubtful wrestling match. Moreover,
 140 my client does not command the same physical strength as this person, who is accustomed to physical work.

AZDAK: She looks pretty well fed to me. Pull! (*NATELLA pulls the child out of the circle to her side. GRUSHA has let it go and stands aghast.*)

FIRST LAWYER (*Congratulating NATELLA*): What did I say! The bonds of
 145 blood!

AZDAK (*To GRUSHA*): What's the matter with you? You didn't pull!

GRUSHA: I didn't hold on to him. (*She runs to AZDAK.*) Your Worship, I take back everything I said against you. I ask your forgiveness. If I could just
 150 keep him until he can speak properly. He knows only a few words.

AZDAK: Don't influence the Court! I bet you know only twenty yourself. All right, I'll do the test once more, to make certain. (*The two women take up positions again.*)

AZDAK: Pull!

155 (*Again GRUSHA lets go of the child.*)

GRUSHA (*In despair*): I've brought him up! Am I to tear him to pieces? I can't do it!

AZDAK (*Rising*): And the Court has established the true mother.
 (*To GRUSHA*): Take your child and be off with it. I advise you not to stay
 160 in town with him. (*To NATELLA*): And you disappear before I fine you for fraud. Your estates fall to the city. A playground for children will be made out of them.

AZDAK: Now I'll take off this Judge's robe — it has become too hot for me. I'm not cut out for a hero.

Bertolt Brecht

- V. Read the following materials about Robin's experiences at college and answer questions 37 to 44 from your Questions Booklet.

Robin has entered the Visual Communications program at Nalwen Community College on January 5, 1987 and has collected the following materials to help her during her first month at college:

- S. Robin's journal entry from her first day at college
- T. Robin's instructor's reply to her first journal entry
- U. Robin's main textbook, *Photography*
- V. A pamphlet on basic camera anatomy
- W. An excerpt from *The Professional Photographer's Journal*
- X. A letter to the editor of *The Provincial Photographer's Magazine*
- Y. Robin's personal timetable for January 1987
- Z. A page from *Nalwen Community College News* listing social activities for January and February 1987

- S. Robin's journal entry from her first day at college - part of the required course work.

January 5, 1987

I guess a good place to begin is by explaining why I'm here. After high school, I just wanted to find a job and make some money so I could live on my own and be independent. I worked at various jobs, but after two years of wandering from one job to another, I realized that if I wanted any kind of future with a real career worth more than \$5.00 an hour, I'd need some kind of training. My parents suggested photography because I've always been keen about it and (so they tell me) have some artistic talent. I'm aware that there's much more to photography than just taking pictures, so I enrolled in the two year diploma program that provides training in the many skills involved in photography.

I'm looking forward to returning to school, but I must admit that I'm a little stumped about how to begin my first assignment -- a composition on the uses of photography. It's been a while since I've had to apply myself to school work and I'm confused about where to look first. Could you make some suggestions? I wonder if you could also direct me to some information on activities at the college. I think a blend of studies and social events would provide a happy balance in my return to school.

P.S.: I appreciate your journal idea -- putting my thoughts and ideas on paper has helped to make my goals and plans seem more clear to me already.

Thanks for a great start!

Continued

T. Robin's instructor's reply

I'm pleased that you feel the journal exercise is worthwhile. Your entry was helpful since it provided me with some background information about you. Since every student's circumstances are different, it is important for me to be aware of individual needs.

You share the same realizations as many other students regarding the need for specialized training when pursuing a career. As well, you'll be relieved to know that most adult students experience some hesitation about how to begin again, especially with their first assignment. I'm sure you'll find that once you get started, you'll see the many roads you can take when researching a topic. You'll find the library's vast and varied collection of resource materials on photography adequate for most of your needs. The librarian there will be able to assist you.

I think your idea of achieving a happy medium between studies and social activities is a wise and healthy one. The college offers many recreational activities — a pamphlet containing this information is available from the Student's Association (Rm. 212). Always remember, however, to leave plenty of time for your major course — Photography I.

Good luck and keep up your enthusiasm.

U. Robin's main textbook, *Photography* — part of which follows

1. An Introduction To Photography

We often take photography for granted because it is such a common means of communication. Pictures are used in many ways:

- to communicate *facts* such as observable data (see scientific photographs, pages 8-9)
- to communicate *ideas* such as those associated with social values and attitudes (see fashion photographs, pages 24-25)
- to communicate *feelings* (see abstract photographs, pages 31-32)

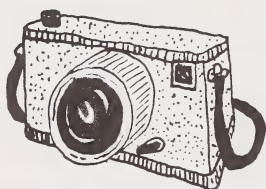
The following chapters deal with creative uses of photography as well as the many areas that utilize photography for more practical purposes — science, commerce, journalism, medicine, and industry. . . .

Continued

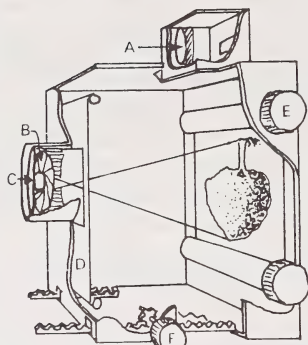
V. A pamphlet on basic camera anatomy

BASIC CAMERA ANATOMY

Whether automatic, electronic, or computerized, all cameras are basically the same — simply a box with film in one end and a hole in the other. The hole allows light to enter the box to activate the chemical surface of the film and produce a picture.



All but the very cheapest cameras have the following basic features:



- A. The Viewing System — *allows the user to aim the camera accurately at the subject*
- B. The Diaphragm — *controls the amount of light that enters*
- C. The Lens — *collects the light and projects an image on the film*
- D. The Shutter — *keeps light out until the moment for picture-taking arrives*
- E. The Film Advance — *moves the exposed film out and replaces it with unexposed film*
- F. The Focusing Control — *creates sharp images of objects both near and far*

W. An excerpt from *The Professional Photographer's Journal*

PORTFOLIO

"I use my cameras like a painter uses his brushes"
Garry Yenberg

Garry Yenberg, a 44-year-old Dutch born computer engineer, uses photography simply as a means to an end: any technique that will create the vision he is searching for is acceptable.

"I'm not obsessed with pure photography. I use the medium as ground-work for my photographs. I use my cameras like a painter uses his brushes — there are no boundaries."

Yenberg's equipment includes a 35mm (Nikon), a 6x6 (Bronica), and a 4x5 in. (Arca-Swiss). He confesses, "I will use anything if it will get the job done."

Yenberg explains that the images that spring into his mind can be prompted by an emotion, an idea, or even a location. He admits that many of his photographs are contrived or premeditated, but most are created by chance.

Yenberg advises that for commercial work such as weddings, advertisements and portraits, total control is necessary. Planning and setting up for a desired visual effect is mandatory. However, personal art allows an opportunity for spontaneous and uninhibited photo expression.

The Professional Photographer's Journal
August 1986

Continued

X. A letter to the editor of *The Provincial Photographer's Magazine*

Dear Editor:

I have a suggestion for fellow apprentice photographers who are experiencing difficulty funding their picture-taking.

I have had two experiences where the film and developing costs were paid by the people wanting the pictures. What better way is there to obtain the experience and enjoyment of picture-taking without having to pick up the expenses?

A local Exeter association, *History Today*, was looking for a photographer to shoot many of the historical houses and monuments that are slated for demolition to make room for new high-rise apartments. Since there is no funding to save these historic sites from destruction, the association felt the buildings could at least be preserved on film.

I also assisted in a project at a retirement home. The administration wanted pictures of the residents for the doors to their rooms so that visitors could locate the residents easily. Not only were my film costs covered, but I was also able to shoot some fabulous faces!

I believe there are many ways that photographers can volunteer their abilities. Try informing the volunteer bureau in your town about your skills. It's an affordable way to gain valuable experience!

A. Nicks, Exeter, Alberta
December, 1986

Y. Robin's personal timetable

Time Day	9:00 a.m. 10:20 a.m.	10:30 a.m. 11:50 a.m.	Noon	1:00 p.m. 2:20 p.m.	2:30 p.m. 3:50 p.m.
Mon.	Photography 1	Finishing 1	LUNCH	Layout and Design	
Tues.		Slide Production		Graphics 1	Mounting Techniques
Wed.	Finishing 1	Photography 1		Layout and Design	
Thurs.		Composition		Graphics 1	Mounting Techniques
Fri.	Photography 1				
Notes: Photography Composition - due Jan. 16 (9:00 a.m.) Slide Project - due Jan. 20 (9:00 p.m.) Guest Speaker - Jan. 20 (1:00 p.m.) Field Trip - Jan. 23 (10:30 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.) Racquetball Tournament - Jan. 23-24 (times TBA) Intramural Registration - Jan. 7 (noon)					

Continued

Z. The social page from *Nalwen Community College News*

RECREATION: Recreation Office Room 125 624-7155
Monday - Friday 8:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.

The *Gymnasium* is available for use during operating hours for unsupervised activities such as basketball, volleyball, badminton, and floor hockey. Equipment can be signed out with a student ID card.

The *Weight Room* contains Nautilus equipment, free weights, computerized bikes, rowing machine, and assorted fitness apparatus.

Mon. - Fri. 8:30 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.

The *Games Area* contains foosball, ping pong, and pool tables plus several video games. All equipment can be obtained from the Recreation Office.

CLUBS:

Newspaper- *Nalwen Community College News* needs writers, photographers and production workers immediately. Gain experience and meet friends by working on the paper.

Track and

Field- All enthusiasts are invited to attend a meeting in mid-April, and if selected, to represent the college in the June Championships.

Ballroom

Dance- Swing them off their feet with class and style. The Dance Club holds informal classes every week and a formal ball twice a year. New members welcome.

Curling-

Experienced and novice curlers are welcome. Interested participants can register immediately. The first Funspiel will be held in January.

INTRAMURALS:

		Registration Date
"Fun" Volleyball	Tue, Thu - noon	Tue, Feb. 17
Bowling	Fri - p.m.	Fri, Jan. 9
Car Rally	Mon, Wed, Fri - noon	Mon, Feb. 16
Fitness Challenge	Mon, Fri - noon	Mon, March 30
Flag Football	Tue, Thu - p.m.	Tue, April 14
Ice Hockey	Mon, Wed, Fri - p.m.	Wed, Jan. 7
Indoor Soccer	Mon, Fri - noon	Wed, Jan. 7
Slowpitch	Mon, Wed - p.m.	Mon, April 13

VI. Read the following first draft of Robin's composition on the uses of photography and answer questions 45 to 49 from your Questions Booklet.

- A. Photography is essentially a means of visual communication. A camera can be used for many ~~kinds~~^{types} of tasks, from factual documentation to fantasy. To use the medium confidently and effectively is a skill. To learn it and get better at it requires information and ~~participation~~^{active}. The more pictures made, questions asked, and photographs looked at, the better able you will be to use the camera for different purposes.
- B. In order to fully appreciate and understand how photography can be put to use to serve your purposes, you should be familiar with the basic anatomy of cameras, and once they are understood, you'll be able to ~~pick~~^{select} a model that is best suited for whatever your task is. This knowledge will also ~~stop~~^{prevent} you from being ~~scared~~^{overwhelmed} and confused by the endless ~~kinds~~^{variety} of cameras with special features -- you'll know what basic requirements are necessary for most regular photographic purposes.
- C. If commercial photography is your goal, then a variety of specialized equipment will be essential especially if particular visual effects are ~~wanted~~^{to be achieved}. A knowledge of color, tone, image production, and development is needed, but just as important are the cameras and parts that can ~~do~~^{perform} these special ~~things~~^{tasks}.

Continued

D. In addition to the practical purposes of photography ^{is the} ~~are the~~
~~beautiful~~ purposes of using photography for artistic and personal
expression. This requires you to participate in much exploration
and experimentation before ^{arriving} ~~getting~~ at an individual style that is
uniquely your own. ^{Selecting} ~~Experiencing~~ a variety of cameras as well as
settings and development techniques provides an opportunity to be
creative and original as well as to broaden and improve your skills
as a photographer.

Confusing?
Revise for
clarity.

E. Most commercial photography requires organizing subjects into an
arrangement that ^{achieves} ~~gets~~ the desired visual image that has been ^{determined} ~~wanted~~
long before the photograph is ever taken. Portraits, weddings,
advertisements and fashion photography all fall into the category of
commercial photography and are considered to be practical purposes
for photography.

VII. Read “The Dumb Look” and answer questions 50 to 57 from your Questions Booklet.

THE DUMB LOOK

We were over visiting Edna, when the doorbell rang. We sat sipping our coffee waiting for her to come back, and fiddling with the tickets we were supposedly selling. Actually, whenever we went door-to-door in the project,¹ we didn't get much selling done, or whatever it was we were trying to do, because we kept getting invited in for coffee and a chat. This was our eleventh cup of coffee, and it was only one o'clock. We were going to make an excuse and leave, when we heard voices coming down the hall, but then we saw Edna's face. She was wearing the Dumb Look. We settled back in our chair.

If Edna was wearing the Dumb Look, it meant her visitors were official. Could be a public health nurse, social worker, or Housing Authority minion.² Maybe this was why she wanted us to stay for coffee.

The Dumb Look could be called self-defence for minorities. Sometimes it's accompanied by an accent, or a shuffle, or a peculiar gesture. Chiclet and I hate the Dumb Look, even though we know why it's necessary.

“Well, Mr. Prentiss. What a nice surprise.”

“Hello, Ms. Gomez, Ms. Jamieson.”

There was a slight pause while Mr. Prentiss waited for us to leave. We waited for Edna to give us some indication of whether she wanted us to stay, and sipped at our coffee.

“Are you making the rounds, Mr. Prentiss? I don't remember getting a notice, or I would have been at home.”

“Oh, no. No, we just came to see a few people.”

Hmm. What could he want with Edna? She wasn't breaking any rules. This makes her quite unusual, as most of us are breaking a few. With two whole pages of rules in small print included with the lease, this isn't surprising. But Edna is one of those people who stick to the letter of the law.

“Could Edna be using her plumbing for something it's not intended for?” This was one rule we found pretty funny, and we could spend hours thinking up things to do with our plumbing.

“Chiclet!” Edna went pink and started to laugh. It made the Dumb Look go away.

Mr. Prentiss went pink too, and began to shuffle.

“Uh, no, not at all, uh, the fact is, I just came to, uh, discuss, —”

Edna said politely “Yes?”

“I came to talk to you about moving.”

“Moving? Did you ask for a transfer, Edna?”

“No.”

I could see Edna was upset. Why would they want her to move? She had lived in this area of the city since she was a child, long before Urban Renewal had come along and displaced and then replaced her. Why would they want to

Continued

¹project — housing project

²minion — a low status official

displace her again?

"Your son has moved out, so you won't be wanting such a big place, so we came to ask if you would like to move now, before your lease is up."

45 Aha! Of course! Why would Edna possibly need a four bedroom house any more, with only four children left in the house, conveniently divided into male and female, so that she could have two per bedroom? The girls were five and sixteen, and I happened to know that the sixteen-year-old had been rejoicing in the freedom of her own bedroom.

50 "Mr. Prentiss, we don't consider a child gone until they've made it on their own for a year. Even then, they may be back. Edna doesn't want to move."

Mr. Prentiss left, and Edna had a stay of execution. But we knew, unless we could figure something out, it was only temporary.

55 We could, of course, invite her son to come back home. But this would mean denying him the right and the responsibility he had just shouldered, and it would take privacy away from Edna's daughter. Obviously, what we had to do was come up with a bona fide reason why Edna still needed four bedrooms, even without her oldest son at home. Privacy for a teenage daughter was not enough.

60 We began to make some plans. This would call for a certain amount of scheming, so we called in the reserves. We weren't sure about calling in Poison Ivy, because we knew that she and Edna didn't really jell, but then Linda and Chiclet devised a plan.

When Ivy arrived, we told her we were going to have a party to celebrate Edna's transfer.

65 "How come Edna's getting a transfer?"

"She deserves it, Ivy. Edna's lived here ten years."

"So have I."

"Well, maybe you can have one next year. Anyway, we don't want you to say anything about Mary's problem, or Edna might not get her transfer."

"You know I never gossip. What problem?"

70 "Well, you know Mary's hyperactive. She should have a room of her own, but if Edna gets a transfer, there won't be a four bedroom available. So we're not talking about it."

After Ivy left, Edna called Mary into the house, and told her to stay in. Mary is the five-year-old.

75 Sure enough, by about three o'clock there was a knock on the door and in came the public health nurse, Ms. Patterson.

"Well, Edna, what's this I hear about you moving?"

80 We were all wearing our Dumb Looks by this time. The reason we hate the Look is because it can get to be a habit, but in this case, it looked like a good idea.

"Well, Ms. Patterson, I think I can get a real nice three bedroom out in the other end of town."

"Edna, have you thought about the effect on the children?"

"Well . . ."

85 Here the nurse fixed Mary with a gimlet eye. Mary, aware that she was under scrutiny, and feeling cooped up because she hadn't been allowed out for a couple of hours, promptly began to fidget. Then, because she had a good audience, and because she genuinely wanted to go out and play, she went through the whole annoying list of things that five-year-olds do when they want their own way. She whined, she crawled all over Edna, and she climaxed her act by drumming

Continued

her heels on the floor.

“Oh, for heaven’s sake, Mary, go out and play,” Edna said, as if she was getting rid of a burden.

95 “I’m sorry, Edna, I know you must have been counting on it, but I really think you should stay here in a four bedroom. Mary should have a room of her own, you know. The child is hyperactive.”

“I think it’s too late, Ms. Patterson. The Housing Authority is already making arrangements.”

“Well, I’ll take care of that.”

100 With that, the nurse left. The poor woman was a perfectly decent person, but we knew that we had to play it this way. If we had merely told her that Edna didn’t want to leave because this was her home, and that Sheila was at the age where she needed a room of her own, she would have agreed that it was too bad, but she would not have been able to bring herself to protest. Under the
105 impression, however, that Mary had a problem that none of the rest of us were able to recognize, she felt impelled to take action.

We weren’t too worried about a follow-up on Mary, because we felt we could convince the nurse that a room of her own had, indeed, calmed Mary down, and no treatment would be necessary. We also had to remember to look properly
110 downcast about the whole thing the next time we saw Ivy.

Then we all shuffled down to Chiclet’s, and she broke out the dandelion wine she’d made two years before, that we had never dared to try. With good reason.

Dorothy O’Connell

VIII. Read "Incident of the Coast" and answer questions 58 to 64 from your Questions Booklet.

INCIDENT OF THE COAST

One cold December morning — crackling cold,
The metal waters of Penobscot Bay
Curled into vapor on the zero air,
When Harry, rising from his bed to haul,
5 Said, "Brrr, it's bitter, bet my mittens freeze
Stiff between each pot¹ out there in the bay."

His young wife, starting coffee, begged in vain,
"Harry, leave your boat stay on the mooring."

10 Into the cold he went: he heard a board
Burst from a nail on the barn as he went by;
He felt a hardness in the path that met
His rubber boots with stubborn enmity;
He saw a poplar shivering in the air
Where no wind was; dragged, over delicate ice,
15 His tender² to the motorboat; far off
Saw vapor rising like a pillar of cloud
Over the bay; then, hesitant, stooped down,

Turned on his gas, drained twice his priming cup,
Spun round and round the wheel, and left the cove.
20 An hour's run, he made his outmost trap,
And gaffed the buoy, floating white and red,
The red sparkling with frost, the white lit up
With ruddy streaks out of the eastern sky,
As sunrise flaming through the cold air turned
25 The bay to a crater bright enough to catch
Indifferent eyes and hold them with its roll
And flow of streaming wine-drip over the sea.

In his eyes no indifference: he saw
Too well the play of tint on tint, awe-struck
30 At all the panorama of the morning:
Ultramarine above, gun-barrel blue
Along the bleak horizon, while around
The red cliffs of the islands weird mirages
Blurred the fixed lines of distance over the bay
35 Till they went antigodlin³ everywhere,
Like northern lights across an Arctic sky.
Mechanically he took the counters⁴ out,

¹pot — lobster trap

²tender — vessel or vehicle attending larger one to supply stores

³antigodlin — askew

⁴counters — lobsters of prescribed legal length

Continued

Baited his trap, and, heedless, threw it over,
 His mind preoccupied with loveliness;
 40 Started his engine dreamily, then woke
 To find the tangled warp⁵ had twisted round
 The whirling shaft and blades of his propeller,
 So tightly drawn the flywheel would not budge.
 White scuds were rising in the northwest now,
 45 A breeze was ruffling green and white the bay.
 He felt the woolen mittens on his hands
 Stiffen with ice; alarmingly he felt
 His body stiffen, and lean hounds of cold
 With snapping teeth jab at his whitened skin.
 50 "I'm going for it," he cried out, recalling
 Long-forgotten tales of freezing men.
 Desperate, he grabbed a cod line, threw it over,
 Relayed it in, and threw it out again,
 Till eighty times had set his young blood stirring.
 55 His hands grew warm, his mittens limp. He tried
 Pulling the warp out with his gaff, but made
 No headway — and the north wind piping on.

Death tightened on that warp and challenged him.
 He knew no rescue boat would come; he heard
 60 Death's mockery snarling on the icy wind,
 And met the challenge. Stripping off his clothes,
 Stark naked, with a splitting knife in hand,
 He plunged in the wintry waters, swimming down
 Under the stern, where he slashed and pulled away
 65 The deadly warp, till, at the last frayed end
 Of the warp that bound him to the trap of life,
 He tumbled over the side, teeth chattering, numb,
 Hauled on his clothes, and headed for the harbor.

Down, to the ice-caked shore the neighbors came,
 70 Watching his wherry push the waves apart.
 Laden with layers of ice, caught from the spray
 And held in all its dazzling glitter fast
 Upon the washboards, low on the waves she sagged;
 And when he pulled his switch, men clambered down,
 75 Steadied his feet, faltering on frozen seaweed,
 And moored his craft, while he went stumbling home.

Wilbert Snow

⁵warp — rope

IX. Read “How I Learned to Make Bread” and answer questions 65 to 70 from your Questions Booklet.

HOW I LEARNED TO MAKE BREAD

Oh, I'll never forget that first year. I made a perfect fool of myself. A perfect fool.

Bread. My husband said a family needed bread, and I had a recipe book my mother had given me and it told how to make bread. But I just couldn't do it. I tried and tried but it wouldn't rise or it was sour or like lead or [had] big air holes in it. Always something wrong. Well, my husband said, “Why can't you make the barmy stuff?” and I said I had never been taught. After all, in the town I had lived in the baker came around with his wagon and his hot box every morning and you just went out to the lane and chose bread and scones and whatever you wanted. Well Weyburn certainly wasn't England. . . . My husband told me to ask the neighbors and I said I didn't like the neighbor women. And I didn't. They were coarse. I wasn't putting myself on a pedestal. These women were coarse, gossips. Almost strumpets. Some of them, anyway.

We got this farm paper and there was a column that gave advice and it was printed by a woman called Millicent Miller. I'm sure that was the name. You wrote her a question and she'd answer it, so I wrote this woman . . . and lo and behold in about three weeks the paper came back and there was my letter printed, and with my name on it. Well, you can imagine how I felt. Other letters she printed had initials, like G. T. or B. R. I thought she'd do it with me, but there was Mary Watson, Weyburn, large as life. But there was a recipe to make bread, which as far as I could see was the same as the one in my book. So I just forgot about it that day. I didn't tell my husband, that's for certain.

Next morning there is a knock on the door and I look out and there's a Mrs. Ratigan on the stoop. I knew her. She was one of the coarse ones. A big woman and even though I didn't have much to do with her on our street I believed her to be capable. She just looked like she was. In the store she was always wiping some child's nose or slapping another, but they obeyed her and that was something. Children were as much ruffians in those days as they are now.

When I opened the door she just barged in and said, “Mary Watson. Weyburn. Bread. I read it,” and she sat down. Then she said, “Nobody ever learned to make bread out of a book. It takes a mother to teach her daughter. Where's your mother?” I said in Guildford in England and she said, “Fine. Leave her there. I'll be your mother this morning and we'll make bread.”

And we did. She stood beside me and told me how to mix and how to pour and how to get the heat up and how to punch and poke. When it was rising we sat around and drank tea and I even thought of giving her something in her tea out of my husband's cabinet, but decided I wouldn't. Then she said, “The Good

Continued

Lord never said a person always has to have Irish coffee. There's Irish tea, too, you know, dear." I laughed and got up and got the brandy. I was getting to like her and when I came back with the bottle she poured a great whack in it . . .

40 She left about three in the afternoon. There wasn't much left in my husband's bottle but I didn't care. He'd forget about that when he saw that I'd learned to bake bread and buns. There were four nice loaves and some buns waiting for him under clean washcloths on the kitchen table when he came home from the store.

45 I was that proud.

He never knew about the little ad I'd put in Millicent Miller's column in the paper. He only found out about it years later and he said that half the town must have been laughing at me. I said no, I didn't guess so. I got some very nice smiles when I went shopping after that; people talked to me and I met some nice

50 ladies. And besides, Mrs. Ratigan told me that day if anybody laughed at me for what I'd done, she said she'd conk them on the snoot.

as reported to *Barry Broadfoot*

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